mile wanderings come to an end at last about seven o'clock in the bright, young July sunshine, and we trudge cheerily among the nursery rows with Mr. Green. So there it is at last—the "James Vick," that we have read and written and guessed about—glowing with its ripened wealth of berries. Not very large, is it? Just the right size to suit a lady's mouth; in fact, don't you feel a soft space in your own that it would exactly fit? So handsome in shape and color, so smooth and glossy in surface, so all alike and so many of them,—was there ever a more attractive fruit! But hold on; we have seen as much fruit or more on plants of common sorts at home! That's so, and its a serious consideration; but just examine the method of cultivation. See, Mr. Green has not spent time in fixing up a show-patch, but has run the cultivator back and forth among the rows; and as he has only grown strawberries for plants before it did not occur to him that the cultivator teeth must have damaged the roots, while working the plants up on hills nearly two inches above the level. Why, common sorts on my land, injured as these must have been would have made a poor show, and the James Vick is a remarkable kind to do so well. I can easily believe now that it has borne 180 berries to the plant according to testimonials. And it is very firm too I think it would ship better than Wilson. It does not taste much (if any) better than Wilson, but it seems to have just the qualities for the very best berry known, *to* ship to a distant market.

Well here is Manchester. Ah! that is a valuable berry; very productive, exceedingly smooth and handsome; rather larger than James Vick, but not so firm, and about the same in quality. When we go home we will plant Manchester on light land for a *near* market as fast as we can get plants and ground ready.

What is this poor concern, with so few berries (Oh! how sour!) and the plant hardly able to stay above ground. It's the Big Bob—but you must remember that Mr. Green has no doubt fairly mauled it in growing plants last year and digging them this spring. True;—give the Big Bob a chance.

Here is a fine fruit—large, handsome in spite of the mud splashes, and good to take when you get it clean. "Lacon," sir, and if it had not been exhausted in forming plants you would see something worth while. We believe it.

Daniel Boone over there is making fine growth for spring set plants, and Mrs. Garfield is so badly in the mud, in fruiting that you can't get a fair idea of the berry. But come, don't talk a lot about other new berries that look poor, but let us get away back to Canada and see the Daniel Boone at Fish Creek, beyond Stratford.

So here we go on the cars all night to get in time according to previous contract, and Mr. Little drives us to his hospitable home to see his strawberries. Bah! what wretched weather! Slop, slop, slop!—how can a man test a strawberry with this monotonous drizzle above and splashing puddles beneath. Not so monotonous however, for sometimes it rains harder!

But the Daniel Boone is a beauty in spite of rain and mud and the matted rows that Mr. Little delights in. Its shape is very regular, and its color as fine as the James Vick, though it is not so firm. Still it seems about as firm as Wilson, while in size and taste it stands easily head. Oh, if we only could see it in hills! Well its not perfect for it is pistillate, and it is not any smoother than Wilson, although so very handsome.

And this is Mrs. Garfield,—a beauty, so firm, so delicious, of such handsome shape, and so large; surely it is the best berry we have seen. But stop—it is not so vigorous or productive as the Boone. True, but it is very promising nevertheless.

Here is the James Vick again—in matted rows this time. It is very late here, scarcely a berry ripe though other kinds are nearly done. "Now Mr. Little, did you ever see anything more vigorous and productive than this? Why the plants are fairly loaded with green fruit!" "Yes, but then it never can ripen all that load of fruit!" And so we go away thinking upon deliberation that these plants have matted too close and are too badly root-pruned in taking up plants to properly mature anything bigger than peas, and its heroic attempt to do better, and its actual success in ripening to good size all that had come to ripening age, were abundant evidence of the vigor and productiveness of the James Vick.

And now I wend my solitary way again to Owen Sound and will call another day, when other berries are booming.

GIRDLED APPLE TREES.

We clip the following from the *Canadian Horticulturist*, which if correct is a simple remedy for what is a great annoyance among fruit growers:

"I see in a late *Horticulturist* that a great many apple trees were lost by girdling with mice last winter. Now, there is not a tree need be lost by that as the cure is simple and easy. As soon as you discover the tree in spring take grafting wax and cover the bare wood all over to exclude the air. I then wrap a newspaper all round the wax (the paper may be omitted); I then bank up the whole with earth, and the cure *is complete;* not one will die if properly done. I remember many years ago I had three trees split in the bark, and the bark raised entirely from the trees for eight or ten inches, and the wood quite dark and begun to decay. They were four or five inches in diameter. I thought they were certainly past redemption, so I dug four peach trees and planted them instead of the four apple trees. I then got an axe and was about to cut the apple trees down when my wife came by chance and asked me what I was doing. I told her, and she asked if I could not cure them. I said I thought it was impossible. She asked if I would let her try them. I said I would, but she might save her trouble. She got them all fixed and banked up as she had seen me do. They budded out and remained green all summer, but made no progress until next spring. I did not expect them to bud, but they did, and have borne heavy crops ever since. The peach trees are still standing among them. We have great crops of peaches and plums, but few apples.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Annan, July 12, 1883.

The total assessment of the city of Winnipeg, as revised by the Court of Revision amounts to $33,304,900.

POULTRY.

FOWLS IN CONFINEMENT, ETC.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* speaking on the extent of liberty which can profitably be given to fowls, says:

"I am fully convinced, from an experience of three summers, that fowls are more profitable when kept in continued confinement. To be sure, there is more care, else the fowls suffer and the profit is small. The yard should be ample, and have both shade and sunshine. To reconcile them to this confinement, and cause them to become contented, *frequent visits must* be made, until perfectly familiar with their requirements, when regular feeding may be arranged, and a thorough system kept up throughout the season. It must be borne in mind that green food is acceptable at all times of day, and should be given fresh.

The plan of letting fowls get their living six months in the year is unprofitable, as the fowls then become a nuisance in the garden and grain fields. If there is a place for everything and everything is in its place, the farmer can take comfort. The rule applies to fowls. Everything, even the fowls, should have a place, and be cared for therein. Fowls that are brought up and kept in confinement are easily frightened, and fowls that are confined all the time are more steady and persistent in laying, but must not be neglected. This is why they are more profitable.

"There is often complaint about black eggs from the marketmen. If the eggs are carefully assorted when freshly brought in, this will not so often occur, especially where eggs are to be kept any length of time. There is frequently a crack, which appears *like a hair mark, but lets the air into* the shell, and in warm weather the egg quickly spoils and turns black. But there are often eggs with a spot of blood as large as a small pea on the yolk, even when freshly laid. These eggs soon turn dark and spoil. The fowl that lays them is out of order, or diseased.

"The eggs should be gathered each day, and sometimes twice in a day, where a good many fowls are kept. This prevents breakage, and keeps the hens from the bad habit of eating eggs. There is no necessity for nest eggs, except china ones. It is a bad practice to leave bad eggs for nest eggs, as sooner or later they are collected with the fresh ones. To avoid black eggs, candle every one."

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS.

There is a slight difference between "preserving" eggs, and keeping them for an indefinite period as fresh as if new laid. This is just what is overlooked by many poultry keepers, who are anxious to have us give them some "recipe" or "secret process," which will enable them to store all their eggs when plenty, and sell them when *scarce—truly a most desirable thing to* do, and easy of accomplishment if it is not expected that the preserved eggs will be quite as fresh as if warm from the hen—it is well to regard with suspicion all "processes" for keeping eggs fresh the year round, the recipe for which is given away or sold for twenty-five cents, more or less. Usually the most wonderful thing about these secrets is, the announcement that such a valuable discovery should be sold so cheap, and it is only when possessed of the "secret" that we realize that we have been sold at the same price.

Usually it does not pay to attempt to preserve eggs, but there are cases, when eggs are extremely cheap in summer, when they can be kept till winter at a handsome profit. The best way to do it depends often upon the facilities one possesses for applying the different methods. Chemistry shows us that a fair sized hen's egg weighs about 1,600 grains: 600 grains constitute the white, 300 the yolk, and 100 the shell. The white divided into 100 parts is 80 parts water, 16½ albumen, 4½ salts, etc.; the yolk contains 53¾ parts water, 17½ albumen, and 28¾ oil, with a small proportion of salts. The shell is simply the skin of the egg, and like all skins it is porous. The egg, itself, as we see by the above analysis, *is largely composed* of water, and it is the loss of this water by evaporation through the pores of the skin that causes decay. Impure air, bearing the seeds of decay, enters as the water passes out, and the moisture still left in the egg only assists the process of putrefaction. It is a curious fact that if you can keep all the water confined in the egg it will not rot, and if you can, on the other hand, drive it all out, the substance of the egg left will keep for years exposed to air. The latter, then, indicates one way of preserving eggs—drying them: the moisture is all expelled by heat, the yolk and white crystallized, and converted into a substance resembling coarse corn meal. It is then sold as desiccated egg. This method is not practicable to the *average poultry keeper, however,* as special machinery is required, and after the eggs are thus preserved they are not the same as fresh eggs by any means, although answering every purpose of eggs in culinary use, such as in making pies, cakes, etc. Probably the most successful method yet adopted of preserving eggs, is the well known cold storage system, by which not only the egg but the hen which lays it, may be preserved for an indefinite length of time. Fresh eggs, kept constantly in a refrigerator, the temperature of which is held at a point just above freezing, will remain fresh for a long period, as there is little or no evaporation, the cause of decay, in such an atmosphere.

Many are the methods of preventing this evaporation by stopping up the pores of the egg shell; an egg hermetically sealed will keep fresh—of this there is no doubt, and it naturally follows that the nearer we can come to making the shell air-tight the longer its contents will remain unspoiled. Here, then, is the field for experiment. Varnishing the shell will answer, but a varnished egg shell is sticky when boiled; for many uses, though, the varnish on the shell is not at all disagreeable, and it completely excludes the air if well applied. The egg will keep for some time, too, if dipped in the beated white, which serves as a natural varnish coating. Fat or oil answers the same purpose. Pickled or limed eggs will also keep for months. To preserve them in this common manner, slack a quart of lime in three or four gallons of water, add a pint of salt, and pack the eggs carefully in the solution, which should cover them three inches or so, deep from the top of the jar. Eggs will keep three months, well packed and covered with fine salt—pack them large end down, and always keep them in the coolest place practicable, no matter what method you adopt of preserving them.—*Poultry Bulletin.*